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THE BANNER

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BY WM. J. BURNS.

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N. H. PRIOR & CO., Dealers in Family Groceries, Provisions, Confectionaries &c., South Plymouth.

In the Market.

WHEAT At the highest market prices, taken on subscription to the Banner, delivered at the office. July 1855.
L. FAIRLO, Cabinet Maker and undertaker, west side of Michigan street, in the old Banner office.

KATIE SMITH;

—OR—
CARRYING A BUNDLE ON THE AVENUE.
BY MRS. N. P. LASSELLE.

"I'll declare, Kate, I shall never get you initiated into the refinements of city life: and if you do not leave off some of your inellegant customs, I shall be obliged to cut your acquaintance, or, at least, to avoid being seen on the Avenue with you."

"Why, Celia, what is the matter now?" "What is the matter?" why, carrying that great bundle in your hand, here on the Avenue, just as if you were in some western village."

"Is that all?" "I think it is enough to put one out of patience with you. Did you not observe that elegant gentleman, who regarded us with so much attention last night at the levee—just passed us?"

"Well, what if he did?" "I have no doubt but he recognized us; and seeing you with that bundle, thinks you are some sewing girl taking work home, and I, being with you, am of course one of the same class."

"Of what consequence to us is it what he thinks? But my opinion is, he did not bestow one thought upon us."

"I know he did, though, for he looked at you, and with all his eyes, from the time he came near enough to tell who we were, until he passed us."

"And you, in turn, looked him with all your eyes, or you would not have noted this?"

"Oh don't talk such nonsense, for I am really ashamed and mortified."

"Ashamed of what?" "To be seen in company with you on the Avenue, and your packing a great bundle in your hand. What are porters in stores for; but to carry home ladies' bundles?"

"Really, Celia, I am sorry for your mortification; not sorry that I have the bundle in my hand, but that you have not in dependence enough of character, and self-esteem sufficient to prevent such a thing from mortifying you."

"But why not let the porter carry home your bundles when you make a purchase, they are paid for it?"

"If the bundle were so large as to be inconvenient for me to carry, I should certainly leave it to be sent; but when such is not the case, I will save the tired porter the fatigue of walking perhaps a half a mile for such a trifle. No, no, if I can make lighter in the slightest degree the task of a fellow being, the fear of being called unfashionable shall never deter me from doing it."

"Well, have your own way, but I can assure you I never shall be seen carrying a bundle in my hand, on the Avenue."

The above conversation took place between two young girls, as they were returning from a store, where one of them had made a purchase of a dress pattern. They lived in adjoining houses; and although Celia Harris was, in her own opinion, far more refined than her neighbor Kate, she thought it her interest to cultivate her acquaintance, as she was, what even Celia considered, well connected, having an uncle who was a senator and rich.

Both Mr. Smith and Mrs. Harris, the fathers of the two girls, were clerks in the executive branch of government; and each had been wealthy, but adverse fortune had deprived them of wealth, and now they had no income, save their salary. But, as the characters of their children, daughters especially, depend much upon the training of the mother, we will present Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Harris to our readers.

Mrs. Smith, when her husband, who was a western merchant, found it necessary to close business, encouraged and sustained him, telling him that the loss of wealth need not affect their happiness—and by her cheerfulness she kept up the spirit of her husband. But Mrs. Harris, when her husband, after making superhuman efforts to sustain himself, and found failure inevitable, told her of their changed circumstances, added to his misfortune by reproaching him with a want of business tact, never for a moment thinking of her own unreasonable extravagance, at a time when he begged her to lessen her expenditures.

Mrs. Harris could not conceive of happiness derived from any source save that of dress and display. With mothers so unlike, we do not wonder at daughters entertaining such different notions of things.

It is the commencement of the gay season, and Mrs. Harris is very anxious that Celia shall be seen on every possible occasion, expecting confidently that the winter closes she will have secured, by her beauty, elegance of dress and manner, a rich husband; for, notwithstanding the inadequacy of her husband's salary to justify it, she insists they must keep up appearances, and the evening dresses of herself and daughter must be of the most expensive material, even if it has to be bought on credit. Every home comfort was sacrificed for the sake of keeping up appearances, consequently all the true qualities of the heart, which are called forth and cherished in a happy and pleasant home circle, were left to die out, and a kind of false, artificial character was formed in the place.

How different the precepts and practice of Mrs. Smith. She, too, wished her daughter to go into some gay society—not for the purpose of attracting attention or winning admiration, but that she might see society in all its forms, thus enabling her to form correct notions and estimate more truly life's better portions.

As Kate did not go to levees, receptions and parties for the purpose of exhibiting herself, she was well content with the simple white dress, without ornament, which her mother provided for her.

A few days after the conversation on the Avenue, the family of Mrs. Harris as well as that of Mrs. Smith, was invited to attend a party, where it was expected they would meet the elite of the city. The invitation was from Mrs. Smith, the aunt of Katie, and Mrs. Harris was in an ecstasy of delight at this fortunate circumstance, as she termed it, when she put the card of invitation into her husband's hands.

"Rather unfortunate, I think," said her husband, dryly.

"I would like to know how you can view it in that light?"

"I suppose you will want some money to buy extra rigging for the occasion?"

"Of course, we must be dressed in a style suitable to the company we will meet."

"And I have no money to give you for that purpose."

"You have that twenty dollars you gave me to put away for you."

"That is to pay the butcher and baker. They are both rich, they don't need it. Let them wait."

"I promised to pay them certain, this month, and if I do not keep my word, we may have to wait for a dinner, when we are hungry, and that would not be so agreeable."

"I'll declare, it is too bad; I believe there is not a butcher or baker in the city but has made a fortune, and yet if a body owes them a few dollars, they never let one rest till it is paid."

"And they are right to do so; if they are rich, they made it by honest industry and they intend to take care of it."

"Well, I know they will not get the twenty dollars I have in the drawer. I'll make a better investment of it than paying for dead hogs and cattle."

"You may call it so, but I think it a poor investment indeed, to cause me to break my word."

"Laws, you make such a fuss about the pitiful twenty dollars; if I could do without it, I would give it to you. But Celia must have some elegant things for this party, and the merchants have got so particular about selling goods on credit, that I can't depend on getting anything without money to pay down."

"And they are right; persons who give their attention to the mercantile business, cannot afford to furnish fineries to those who dress beyond their means, and thus justifying them in fearing they may lose their money."

"Well, it's no use preaching, I'm not in a humor to profit by your sermon."

Mr. Harris had long known it was useless to remonstrate with his wife, yet at times he could not forbear pointing out to her the follies of her extravagant notions.

When Mrs. Harris had eaten her dinner, she stepped into Mrs. Smith's, to talk about the party, and try to persuade her to dress Kate with a little elegance.

When she went into the neat and comfortable sitting room, she found Katie making some alterations in a plain Swiss dress.

"Why, Katie you ought to be making something to wear to your aunt's party, instead of wasting your time on that old dress."

"I'm fixing this dress to wear."

"Now it ain't possible, Mrs. Smith," said she, turning to that lady. "You will not open your purse strings and give Katie a new dress for this occasion? You know that it is different from going to a levee, when everybody goes who chooses. When you are invited to a party, you are expected to show your respect for the hostess, by dressing in a style that shows you are worthy of being her guests. I intend to get Celia a lace skirt over a pink silk, and I came to see if you would not dress Kate like her."

"No, Mrs. Harris," was the reply of Mrs. Smith. "I cannot purchase a silk or lace dress for Katie, I must dress her according to our means."

"You are as able to get one for Katie, as I for Celia."

"No, I presume not, for when I have paid all my bills for necessary household expenses, I shall have but little left."

"Let those bills wait till next month."

"Each month brings its own expenses, and the money of next month will be needed for next month's bills. No I cannot have a debt to annoy my husband."

"When a wife knows the exact amount her husband receives, it is her duty to bring the household expenses within that sum, for a debt incurred is a weight upon his mind, which it is not likely the next month will remove."

"Your notions are just, but I think that in this instance you might depart from your usual custom. Perhaps Katie, by being handsomely dressed, might captivate some rich man, and thus secure a handsome establishment."

"It is not for the purpose of securing an establishment, that Katie occasionally mingles in gay society, so it is not necessary to put myself to the inconvenience of extra expense. She can enjoy herself just as well in a simple white muslin, which is suited to our income."

"Don't you suppose she will ever marry?"

"I do not give that subject any thought; it is my duty to fit her to make home happy, whether it be as wife or daughter—if she should happen to wed some worthy man, it is well; I trust she will make the sunlight of his home."

"Well, I'm determined my daughter shall marry a rich man; and for that reason I am determined when she goes into

society, she shall be dressed as well as those she mingles with."

"You are certainly right to act according to the dictates of your own judgment, yet is there not some danger of giving the young mind a wrong estimate of what constitutes happiness, leading her to look for it in riches?"

"Well, I'd like to know where else to find it?"

"In the cultivation of the gentle home virtues."

"Ah, that will do very well to write about in novels, but it is not the thing in Washington. No, you must make a display or you'll not be noticed. By the time you have lived here as long as I have you will find what I say is true."

"I have already perceived, with regret, that everything must yield to appearance. Mothers especially will forego every home comfort, that their daughters may be dressed with elegance, but I can assure you I cannot fall into the custom."

And let me suggest to you, Mrs. Harris, when there is so much keeping up of appearances, there is danger of both parties being deceived. So take care that Celia does not, instead of securing a rich husband, get only the appearance."

"I'll watch out for that."

When Mrs. H. had left, Katie looked up into her mother's face, and said:

"Poor Celia, how can she help having such foolish notions, with such a mother?"

"I have no doubt she is saying, 'Poor Kate, how I pity her that she has such an old-fashioned mother, who will not get her a becoming dress for the party; but, trust, my daughter you do not desire it.'"

"No indeed! I think my white muslin far more suitable for me than silk laces."

"I am glad to hear you say so; I was afraid Mrs. Harris' conversation might have made you wish for something more elegant."

"No, indeed, I have more confidence in my mother's good taste, than to wish for anything she does not approve."

"I trust you may ever retain that confidence; now, if you wish, you may go and spend an hour with your cousin Carrie."

CHAPTER II.

The evening of the party has arrived. The elegant mansion of Mr. Smith is brilliant with gas light and lovely women, and none more lovely than Katie Smith and Celia Harris.

Rich music fills the dancing room, fairy forms glide through the dance, the light foot-falling keeps time to the music, while young hearts, filled with joyousness, beat lightly with emotions corresponding to the surrounding scene. None are happier than Celia and Katie. Celia is particularly self-satisfied, for she has been introduced to, and danced with the most elegant looking gentlemen in the room, and she had overheard one say as he asked Carrie to introduce him, "Where do you find that new star, I have not seen her before, you know one gets tired of meeting the same faces, no matter how lovely. But, she is superbly beautiful. Her dark eyes flash like diamonds, and what a queenly air she has." Carrie introduced him as Mr. Pinkerton. He asked her to dance the next quadrille with him, which she did, and while going through the dance, she had observed that he not only wore a diamond ring and pin, but his vest buttons were gold, set with diamonds. This was conclusive evidence of his great wealth, and from the compliments he addressed her, and from the expression of admiration she had overheard, she felt assured she had made a conquest, and her imagination was already picturing the display she would make when she became Mrs. Pinkerton.

Katie, too, had been dancing most of the evening. It was near the supper hour the two girls were seated near a window, apart from the company, and Celia is repeating to Katie the compliments she has received during the evening, who observed Carrie on the opposite side of the hall in conversation with a gentleman whom they had met on the Avenue. From the frequency of his glances towards them, it was evident he was speaking of them.

"See, Kate, there is the gentleman we met on the Avenue the other morning; I expect he is asking where he found us, or if she condescended to ask her seamstress to her party."

"Oh, well, she will tell him we are ladies, and you will be placed in your true light before him. As for me, I would as soon think me a seamstress as not, for I estimate people by their qualities, not by their occupation. I fully believe in the sentiment of the poet, expressed in the following couplet—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

I have known persons who earned a support with the needle, who were as intelligent, refined and lady-like as any whom we meet here; and if they do not mingle with fashionable society, it is not because they are unfit for it, but because they have not time to spend thus, for the leisure moments they have they devote to reading for mental cultivation, and I respect them for it."

"I'll declare, Kate, you have the queerest notions; I believe you will never understand the distinctions in society."

Ere Katie could reply, Carrie presented the gentleman with whom she had been conversing, saying to her cousin, as she did so, Mr. Essington is from Alton, and when he learned that you were a native of Illinois, he said he felt that you were almost an acquaintance."

"That is true, Miss Smith, the very fact of having lived in the same State, gives that feeling here, where I meet all strangers."

"Do you remain long in the city," asked

he Katie, feeling called on to make some remark.

"I have not determined when I shall leave. A few days since, I thought of leaving within the present week, but this evening I have met several citizens of our State, which has dissipated that feeling of home sickness, which had caused me to think of leaving; I may remain during the winter."

"Washington is very attractive during the gay season, strangers generally enjoy themselves very much here."

"I suppose you find it so attractive that nothing could induce you to return to the west."

"Not so, I prefer a quiet western home to all the gayeties of the Metropolis."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for I've been told, when a lady spends one winter in Washington, she is never content to reside anywhere else."

"I am sure, such will never be my feeling."

"No, indeed," observed Miss Harris, "my dear friend Kate will not appreciate Washington society, but I could not exist out of it."

"Ah, it is a divine place, a perfect paradise, and angels abide in it," said a voice at her side, and looking up, she encountered the gaze of Mr. Pinkerton, resting on her face with an expression which implied, you are the angel.

A slight blush rose to her brow, and she presented him to Kate and Mr. Essington. He bowed to Katie, and remarked that Mr. Essington was an acquaintance, as they both stopped at the National, and occupied adjoining rooms.

Mr. Pinkerton and Celia commenced a lively conversation upon the pleasures of Washington, whilst Katie listened with delight, as Mr. Essington spoke of Illinois, its rapid improvement, and increasing wealth.

When supper was announced, Mr. Pinkerton, with an extra flourish of words, begged to be allowed the honor of waiting upon Miss Harris to the supper room, whilst Mr. Essington modestly asked the privilege of conducting Katie, as her friends were not near.

The supper table was loaded with every delicacy that money could procure, and Mrs. Harris was in ecstasy of delight, besides the gratification of seeing her daughter waited on by a gentleman who wore real diamonds, she had an opportunity of satisfying her appetite with rich and delicate viands, which, as she was an epicurean in her tastes, was a positive enjoyment, and the more so, as she had denied herself and family, for the last week, every comfort of the table, that she might expend the money for dress, which had been furnished for market.

When they had returned home from the party, Mrs. Harris congratulated herself that she had purchased so elegant a dress for Celia. "You see now, Mr. Harris," said she, "I have made a good investment of the money you grumbled me. Just remember how much attention Celia received, and do you suppose it would have been the case if she had not been dressed in a style becoming her beauty? I tell you, now, nothing takes like dress, with people of taste. I should not wonder if it be the means of securing her a rich husband; Mr. Pinkerton seemed very much fascinated. I should not wonder if this party were to decide her destiny for life."

"If it should, I hope it may be happily."

"Well, well, now don't go to depress my spirits with any of your gloomy forebodings."

"No, no, I do not wish to do so, but the floating society of Washington is so artificial, so artificial, particularly gentlemen who stop for a winter at a hotel, and nobody knows who they are, that I think it dangerous for a young girl to make their acquaintance, and parents are unwise to permit it."

"Oh fiddle-sticks, for such croaking—Mr. Pinkerton must be a gentleman of worth as well as wealth, or it is not likely we would have met him at Mr. Smith's."

"True, that is something in his favor, but I was not very much prepossessed by his conversation."

"Well, I was, so don't trouble your head any more about him. And, with that self-satisfied remark, Mrs. Harris composed herself for sleep."

CHAPTER III.

Could we look into the hearts of the different guests who had attended this party, what a variety of impressions we would read in each. Some filled with envy and disappointment, some with quiet happiness, and others with wild dreams of the future. But we will only give our readers a glance into the heart of Katie Smith, and her more ambitious neighbor, Celia Harris.

When Katie laid her head on the pillow, she gave a thought to Mr. Essington ere she slept, with a feeling that she would like to meet him again. Celia was in a perfect flutter of excitement, and she said to herself, won't it be a belle this winter. It is lucky that I was invited to Mrs. Smith's. Being seen there establishes one's claim to best society; and it is so early in the season, I shall have an opportunity to manage my cards with the different gentlemen to whom I was introduced, and who evidently admired me. Mama was right in her opinion, that I would create a sensation in society, if I could only get once within its circle. Thanks to the simple hearted Katie for the first invitation, but my own tact shall secure others. I'm bound to have a brilliant winter."

As Celia anticipated, she had a brilliant winter.

The theatre, receptions, soirees, levees, and parties were visited very frequently, and Mr. Pinkerton was her devoted cavalier. Ere the close of the season he had

proposed and was accepted. So occupied was she with gaudy, that she had but little time to devote to her friend Katie. Indeed, Mrs. Harris said, now that her prospects were so brilliant, it was not best to be too intimate with people who had such common-place notions of things, for Mrs. Smith would still express her opinions very plainly. When Mr. Harris would descend upon the great advantages to be derived from being on terms of intimacy with the best society.

"And pray, who do you call best society?" asked Mrs. Smith one day, when she had dropped in to gossip an hour or two.

"Why the fashionable and distinguished, to be sure, congressmen, senators, and secretaries, and such like."

"I suppose, in the such like, clerks are included: of course you would not leave out the class to which your husband belongs, observed Mrs. Smith, whilst a slight smile passed over her face."

"Well you know they are not exactly considered so by the world."

"Why should they not? They are all servants of the people—one employed in the executive, the other in the legislative department of the government, each requiring intellect and capacity for a proper performance of his duties, and I cannot admit that the fact of one receiving more compensation for his services than the other, makes him better society."

True, it makes him more independent in circumstances, that is the only difference I can perceive."

"You may not perceive it, but the world does."

"The world, who is the world?"

"Why, the people."

"True, you are one of the people and I another. The sentiments we entertain, have their share, be it ever so light, in forming the opinion of the world; your sentiments, as expressed in your acts, would imply that you think a certain class of persons more worthy of being called first society than another, whilst I insist that all persons claim to consideration is not derived from the class to which he belongs, or the occupation he pursues, but from his own individual merits, and I esteem him according to the moral and mental excellency of character he possesses."

"You have queer notions; no wonder Katie will carry a bundle on the Avenue, regardless of any comment that may be made. But, you and I will never agree, that is certain," and with this remark, Mrs. Harris left.

Meanwhile, I hear the reader exclaim what has become of Katie? How has the winter passed with her? We will answer, it has gone by very pleasantly indeed, although she has been seen but rarely at places of amusement. Occasionally, accompanied by her parents, she has gone to the theatre to see the performance of some celebrated actor, or attended a party at the house of some friend. But, usually, her evenings are spent at home, in the pleasant family circle, and the long winter evenings are spent in reading, music, and conversation, and Edwin Essington listened with more pleasure to some simple ballad sung by Katie, than to the finest opera sung by some distinguished vocalist, and the pure and truthful sentiments of her heart, spoken in her earnest, gentle manner, fell more pleasantly on his ear than the finest declamation of Forrest. Indeed, so attractive did he find the quiet home circle at Mrs. Smith's, and so pleasantly was the contrast between it and a home in a hotel, that not a week passed but one or two evenings were spent in the neat unostentatious parlor of Mr. Smith, notwithstanding the efforts of the young ladies, who flattered about the richly furnished parlors of the National, to interest him and secure his attention.

Katie, too, had learned to regard his visits as a pleasure. Her cheek had a richer glow, and her eye a gladder light, as she listened to his conversation. Mrs. Smith noted, with woman's quick observation, these evidences that her daughter's heart was not uninterested, and although not anxious, like Mrs. Harris, to secure her daughter an establishment, she felt that if Mr. Essington asked her hand, his was a character that would secure her gentle child's happiness.

Ere the spring flowers had faded, Katie, as well as Celia, was betrothed. Celia was to become a bride in May, then make a visit to the northern lakes for her bridal tour, stop some time at Saratoga and Newport on her return, then accompany her husband to Memphis, his home, ere the breath of winter had fallen on the flowers.

The marriage of Katie was not to take place till fall, and then no bridal tour was anticipated, but a quiet journey to her husband's home. Celia had been wooed and won amid the whirl of fashion, and it was not to be expected she would take upon herself the marriage vows, and then quietly settle down in her husband's home, without seeing something of gay life out of Washington.

With Mrs. Harris' exultation over the brilliant future of her daughter, there was one serious annoyance. How was she to furnish a trousseau suitable for the bride of a rich man? She had already exhausted her credit at the stores, to supply her with finery during the winter. One day, as she was urging her husband to devise some means to raise money, a letter was handed her. She broke the seal and read it aloud. It announced that a maiden sister of hers, for whom Celia was named, was dead, and also, that she had left a thousand dollars for her namesake. When she had finished reading the letter, she observed to her daughter, "So your poor aunt Celia is gone." Then sitting a moment, as if absorbed in thought, she continued, "Now, isn't it lucky?"

"What," said her husband, "lucky that your sister is dead?"

"No, certainly not that, but that the money should come to Celia just now, when she needs it so much."

Mr. Harris rose and left the room without further remark, but he could not forbear mentally exclaiming:

"Oh fashion, fashion, what a monster thou art, to deaden the natural affections of the heart."

Mrs. Harris decided she would not put on mourning for her sister, it would look too gloomy, and a wedding on hand. She justified herself by saying: "Poor Celia, she has suffered with poor health so long, that death is a relief, and it would be a sin for anybody to mourn for her."

"A sin which you are not likely to commit, mamma, as aunt, by stepping out, put a thousand dollars in siss's pocket," said a hopeful youth of about fourteen years of age. Mrs. Harris turned to reprove him, but he was gone, ere she could finish the sentence.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A True Sentiment.

The following extract is from the pen of